THE PLOT DISCOVER'D:

OR, A DIALOGUE, BETWEEN THE Pope and the Devil, AT A LATE CONFERENCE.

Conſulting the moſt Effectual Expedient for Promoting their Joint Intereſt and Deſignes in the Preſent Juncture of Affairs.

With their Inſtructions concluded upon to be ſent to their Emiſſaries in all Parts, to that Purpoſe.

Let all the People in the World admire,
That we are not Conſum'd by Sword and Fire!
Since that the Pope, *and* Devil *too, contrives*
To Murder King, *and's People Sacrifice.*

Licenſed, November 9th. 1678.

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The Plot Discover'd:

OR,

A Dialogue between the Pope and the Devil.

The Introduction, or Occasion of the Conference.

HIs Holiness being lately much perplext at the Receipt of a Packet from *Utopia*, intimating that some of his most hopeful *Projects*, thwarted by Providence, were like to miscarry; forthwith summon'd all the Cardinals to a solemn Conclave, where a Thousand Proposals were made for Retiriving the desperate Game, yet none that seem'd satisfactory; Whereupon Dismissing that Assembly, the holy Father reflecting how Famous divers of his Predecessors had been for *Negromancy* and *Conjuring*, sends immediately to the *Vatican* for some choice Volumns of *Magick*, and retiring (when Night-masking Heavens Face made all things appear black in Conformity with his Designs, and no Noise but the Musick of howling VVolves and Schreech-Owls hollows could be herd) to an obscure Corner of *Belvidere* his private Garden, he there with the accustomed Cerimonies, invokes *Lucifer*, Prince of the Fallen Angels, to make his personal Appearance, not doubting but that Subtle degraded Seraphin (knowing it to be their joint Concern) would furnish him with some fresh New-minted Policies, for carrying on his Business in this unexpected Exigency. Scarce had he finished his dreadful Orisons (which he repeated with more Devotion than ever he mumbled out an *High Mass*) when the welcome Monarch of the Infernal Crew appears, usher'd with flashes of Lightning, and thus Accosts him.

Devil. Who thus Imperiously Summons our Presence? We are of late too much Crowded with Imployments, both Military and Civil, Ecclesiastick and Secular, to attend every Impertinents pleasure: Speak therefore, and briefly thy Name and Business.

Pope. I am, Dread Prince of Darkness, *Servus Servorum*, the humblest of your Vassals, your Deputy, your *Vice-Roy* on Earth, on whom your Bounty has Conferr'e the *Tripple-Crown*, and other marks of Damnable Favour: My business is to Implore your Advice and Directions

Directions in certain Affairs, that not a little concern both mine own, and your Intereſt.

Devil. Who? our Infallible Factor? The Support of our Empire, and Darling of our Hopes? To thee both our Ear and Breaſt ſhall be ever Open.

Pop. Gracious *Belzebub*, You oblige me Eternally to ſerve you; and as your Aſſiſtance heretofore brought Princes to Kiſs my Gouty Toes, I cannot in Gratitude refrain from paying the ſame Devotion to your moſt Reverend Cloven-Foot.

Devil. Spare your unneceſſary Complement, and Acquaint us with the preſent Poſture of Affairs.

Pope. I am all Obedience to your Commands: But muſt crave leave to ſtate Things *ab Origine* —— 'Tis not unknown to your Ghoſtly Intelligence, what Faithful Votaries my Self and Predeceſſors for many hundred Years, have been to your Helliſh Intereſt; after your *Delphick* Oracles were ſtruck Dumb, and your Heathen Slaves grown weary of doing your Tormenting Drudgeries. When the Light of the Goſpel in its Purity, (which deſigns the utter Overthrow of your Dark Kingdome) had baffled all your Fury, becoming more Bright by the ſurrounding Flames of Perſecution; ſo that you were forced for a time, to wave fruitleſs Rigours, and refer the Conduct of your Affairs to our Mannagement: You may remember, how ſuddenly by another Path, we Re-eſtabliſh your Power greater than ever. Our fained Traditions, new invented Doctrines, Canons, Decrees, Dicretals, Conſtitutions, and Pompous Ceremonies, had ſoon altered the Face of the Church, and rendred it quite different in all Things (but the Name) from the Primitive Simplicity. Our Pardons, Abſolutions, Indulgencies for Murdering of Prince and People permitting of Publick Stews, or Bawdy-Houſes; Our Doctrines of Merit, Venial Sin, Purgatory, and Works of Superarrogation. What were they but ſo many Draw-nets, or Lime-twigs, to inveigle the Looſer and Unwary Part of Mankind in your Snares, and Lake of Perdition. After that, I need not recount the Bloody Wars we have raiſed, the Horrid Treaſonable Plots we have Fomented, the Cruel Maſſacres we have cauſed throughout *Bohemia*, *England*, *France*, and *Germany* of old; and in *Ireland*, and the Vallies of *Pedemont*, of a latter Date; whereby ſome Millions of Innocent and Pious Souls have been by our Religious Induſtry, offered up as ſo many Victives to your Helliſh Malice. Beſides this, we have of late——

Devil. Hold, hold, good Mr. *Pope*; though we allow you to Preach your Doctrine of Merit to others, you muſt not Boaſt of it to us: We

acknowledg your eminent Services, nor have we been behind hand in Retaliations: Have we not advanced you to Riches, Pomp, and Glory? To the Title of Universal Bishop, and Successor of *Peter* (though you imitate him in nothing, but denying his Master?) Have we not brought you to Lord over all your fellow Bishops; and behold with contempt, Kings, and Emperors, at your Feet? Is not your Interest and Advantage inseparably Twisted with mine? If your Doctrines or Ceremonies bring me in Souls. Do they not bring you in Mony? And when your Zeal destroys my Enemies, do you not provide for your own Safety and Grandure?

Pope. 'Tis confest *Mighty Satan*! Nor did I intend to upbraid you with our Devoirs, but to induce you thereby rather to our Assistance; For some few Ages ago a Pestil nt Generation sprung up, that would pull down the whole Fabrick we so long have been Building, and Restore Religion in its primitive Beauty, stript of all those Meritricious Gayties, which at once both Repleniſh your Territories and our *Coffers*.

Devil. Pish, Pish, did I not Teach you long since a Medicine, called the *Inquisition*, to stop the spreading of such Leprosies.

Pope. True, but alass! It came too late, some Kingdomes were so Infected, that they cast of all subjection to our Authority, and left no hopes (at least as yet) of bringing that most Excellent Engine amongst them to reduce 'um.

Devil. In that case too, I many years ago provided thee an Expedient, by Erecting the Society of *Jesuits*, those Matchless Embroilers of Affairs, who being sent abroad, will, I doubt not, by their Learned and active Zeal, soon bring back these straggling Hereticks to Roost under the Wings of *Mother Church*, and Truckel to your Irish wooden Chair.

Pope. Upon my *Holiness*, your *Devilship* is egregiously mistaken, a *Jesuite*, 'tis true, about 40. or 50. years ago was a pretty sprightly Instrument; When they durst Stab a wavering Monarch, or blow up an Heretical State at a Blast. But now alass! he is grown old, Rusty and Dismetled; his very Name Odious amongst many of our own party; his prodigious Learning found but a blazing Meteor, and his Treasons, Muthers, and Equivocations, Cosenages, and other Excellencies, become too over-palpable.

Devil. Your Holiness prates like an Infallible Sot, thus to disparage the most Tiusty *Janizaries* of our Empire; The duller Order *Franciscans*, and *Capuchins*, with their nasty Austerities, may amuse Melan-

Melancholy Fools: But 'tis theſe active *Sociable Incendaries*, muſt do the grand Work; who by their Oyly Tongues, and Pliable Behaviour, inſinuate themſelves in Princes Courts, to Dive into their *Cabinet Councels*; and at the ſame time, Abet all Factions, to infuſe Specious Principles, preparatory to our Deſigns, in the Head of the unwary Rabble.

Pope. True, it is all this, and more they have done; ſcrewing themſelves into the Affections of *Grandees*, as gently as Malevolent *Stars* dart their Influence, or Blaſting Mildews ſlide into the Boſome of a Flower. They have varied Shapes oftner than the *Cameleon* at Land, or *Polypus* at Sea; Now a Courtier, to Morrow a Souldier; then a Cobler, by and by a Weaver: A Gallant amongſt the Ladies in the *Park*, an *Atheiſt* amongſt the *Coffee-Wits*, and a *Quaker* at *Devonſhire-Houſe*. Yet when we thought all Cock-ſure prepar'd, and doubted not but to have Stem'd the Tide of Oppoſition, by a Torrent from our *Romiſh See*; Behold! an unhappy Providence damps the Progreſs; and the *Alarm* takes through the City, as faſt as our Train of *Wild-fire* in *Sixty-Six:* Immediately the *Pulpit* Rings, and the *Preſs* Groans with Invectives againſt our Doctrines. All our Pollicies are Unravel'd, our Sacred Perſon expoſed to *Contempt*, and Burnt by the *Hereticks* in *Effigy*. In brief, This moſt Holy Deſign, which we have ſo long been Midwifing into the World, is like to prove *Abortive*, and fatally Miſcarry; unleſs your *Old-Dragon* ſubtlety, can ſpeedily by ſome wonderful Stratagem, revive it to Perfection.

Devil. Be patient *dear* Child! and bend a litle to Fate, remember your Country Proverb, *Pians Piano*, what is ſaid of the City, holds true of your Faith.

Non fuit in uno Contia Roma die:
Room is not built in a day.

Great Mutations require *Time*, be not too haſty, he goes ſafeſt that walks *Pedetentim*; Phyſitians never adminiſter Remedies in the Fit; ſtay till this *Paroxiſm* is over, way-lay Opportunity, and Learn to Sail with every wind. In the mean time follow me to the next Arbour, where we will prepare Inſtructions for our *Emiſſaries* abroad as we conceive moſt convenient in the preſent juncture. Hereupon laying their Heads together for an hour, like the *Toad* lending poyſon to the *Viper*, their teeming Inventions were delivered of the following By-blow.

IN-

INSTRUCTIONS *to be purſued by all* Nuncio's, Jeſuits, Prieſts, Lay-ſticklers, *and other* Factors *of the* See of Room, *for facilitating the Re-eſtabliſhment of* Popery *in Heretical Countries.*

Imprimis. You ſhall make the Advancement of the Romiſh Church your Pole-Star. The Center whereto all your words and Actions tend, For attaining which end, you ſhall bank no means be they never ſo unjuſt or Abominable, for he that thinks Fraud cannot be Pious or Piety, fraudulent is a Short-ear'd Aſs, and was never bottom'd in School Divinity.

2. You ſhall diſcover or conceal your Religion, as beſt ſuits your conveniences, and rather than looſe a good place for want of a reunciatory Oath, you ſhall have from us Diſpenſations and Pardons *gratis*, to Indemnify your Souls; yet ſtill you ſhall pretend in publick to a moſt ſtout honeſty and ſincerity. For

The Stratagem is then Exalted High
When th' Hypocrite *reviles* Hypocriſie.

3. Think not to put off all your ware at once, down right Popery at firſt daſh is frightful, but thoſe that keck at it whole, will ſwallow it handſomely Minc'd. Firſt, Tinge people with a preparative Blew, and then ſauſe 'um with the colour of the Scarlet Whore, begin with our moſt plauſible Principles, The Vulgar never mind the Tail of the buſineſs, yet there lies the Stings, when the Needleſs ones through, the Thred will follow; ſome ſerious Truths muſt be delivered the better under thoſe Palliations, to diſſeminate our profitable Errors, ſo a ſtink offends more when concommitant with ſome weak Perfume which it hath *Pro vehimlo*, than when 'tis ſingle, The Perfume procuring for the ſtench eaſier admittance into the Senſe: Thus Poyſons are moſt dangerous and irremediable when joyn'd in Commiſſion with a Cordial too weak to reſiſt them, it only ſerving to Conduct them to the Heart, but is unable to vanquiſh their malignity.

4. Let your deportment be complaiſant, even to ſervile Flattery; Court your very Enemies with the moſt obliging Language, and Proteſtations of kindneſs, Kiſs thoſe hands you would cut off, and Hug him you cannot Hang, at leaſt until you can; ſtill faſhion your ſelves to the humour of the preſent Company, as the light is reund in the Sun, in the fire *Pyramidal.* If any recommend Liberty of Conſcience, do you ſtraight cry out againſt Perſecution, and laugh not for a world, but remember you are yet a while to play the Foxes and Wolves in Sheeps Cloathing: 'Tis hereafter in the Inquiſition you are to act the parts of Lyon Rampant.

5. In

5. In Private Diſcourſes you ſhall paſſionately bewail the Variety of Sects and Opinions amongſt *Proteſtants*, (yet ſtill promote ſuch Differences what you can) repreſenting the Difficulty of *Scriptures* to be underſtood: How every *Hereſie* ſeeks Protection there; and a thouſand different Judgements vouch their Warrant from the ſame Text. Hence you ſhall take occaſion, ſlily to magnifie the *Unity* of *Rome*, (though indeed there's no ſuch thing): That without a Judge, there can be no Acciſion; without *Infalibility*, no Certainty; and conſequently, no *Security*. That ſuch as skip the *Pale* of the Church, are alwayes in a Roleing Condition; and, like a Floating Iſland, or Sea-Weeds, know not where to take, or how to keep Root; yet ſtill perſwade People, there's no danger of *Popery*; no Deſigne, to introduce it: That ſuch a Charge is Ridculous to imagine; impoſſible, to be accompliſht, *&c.* When Men ſleep, is the only time to ſow Tares; Security dwells next door to Ruin.

6. Study profoundly, Humours and Intereſts; To the Poor, magnify *Popiſh Charity*, and the Noble Houſe-keeping of old: To Young Scholars, the Learning of the *Jeſuites*, and the Exchellent Method and Diſcipline of their Schools beyond the Seas: To the Debauch'd, repreſent the Moderation of your Church, in voting the wonton Sillies of Nature, (as *Whoredom*, *Adultery*, *Inceſt*, and *Sodomy*) but Venial *Peccadillies*; and granting Indulgencies at eaſie Rates, for great Crimes.

7. Promote that Laudable Deſigne of *Atheiſm*, which you have already ſo hopefully begun: For thoſe that have no regard for any Religion, to be ſure, will never oppoſe one that is ſo fitted for their turn, and near of Kin (in effect) to their preſent Sentiments.

8. You ſhall more induſtriouſly ſpread your Nets for the Rich and the Great: Who being moſt allied to the World, are apteſt to comply with any Religion that's thriving. Beſides the Influence of their Example and Power on the *Domeſticks*, *Relations*, and *Dependants*: For you may ſee, when the Tide turns, all the Ships at Anchor in the River, preſently change *Head* for *Sterne*.

9. A Miracle, now and then may do well amongſt the Vulgar, but cautiouſly: 'Tis a Subtle Eagle-ey'd Age; Be ſure therefore, prepare your Counterfeit; that is to be poſſeſt very well: And your Hand Inviſible, juggling Hair clearly.

Laſtly, Forget not our *Primitive Policy*, in tempting *Eve* firſt; Proſelite the *Women*, and let them alone to draw in the *Men*: There is no Devil to the *Shee-Devil*: They long ſince brought the *Strongeſt* of Men to Ruin, and the Wiſeſt to Idolatory. Our more Private Di-

rections

rections for Mutthering Princes, Burning Heretical Cities, *&c.* We ſhall Inſpire you within Perſon, and now conclude with our Joynt *Benediction.*

May your Foreheads be as Walls of *Corinthyan Braſs*, your Tongues tipt with *Syrens* Muſique, and your *Ignis fatuus* lead all *Europe.*

Given at *Rome* this *9th.* of *November*, S. *Re.* in the year of Hells Confuſion, 1678 Signed with the Devils Paw, and the *Seal of the Fiſher.*

Having diſpatch't away theſe inſtructions by an Infernal Carrier, They both fell a *Quaffing* ſome full Bowls of Engliſh Martyrs Blood, reſerv'd ever ſince *Queen Maries* days, for the *Popes* own Mornings Draughts, and being pritty well heated, were beginning healths to his *Holineſs*, and the whole *conclave*, and *ſucceſs* to their Pious *deſign* of *Murdering the King* and all his Engliſh Subjects: but that the ſudden News of the Diſcovery of their Helliſh Plot marr'd their Occaſions; and their Deeds of Darkneſs, and inhumane Cruelty, Committed upon the Innocent Body of that Renowned Engliſh Patriot, Sir *Edmundbury Godfry*, which being now brought to Light, how, where, and when, has dampt their Mirth; and cauſed a true Proteſtant who overheard their Conſultations, and what happen'd, thus to expreſs his joy:

Oh Room! *Thy Plots are Diſcover'd I ſee,*
And Fire-Balls found Compounded by thee:
Thy Helliſh Deſigns are Known: and in Vain
The Draw-Net is Caſt, to Catch us again;
Thy Coffers will ſhrink, th' Inexhauſtible Well
Shall nere be thy Lot: Let Hell huff and Swell,
Grutch Abby-Lands: though Room *threat and ſing,*
She ſhall nere poſſeſs; the Partridg *wont Spring.*
You both may Club your Intereſt, and Joyn
Your Forces, yet miſs our Souls and our Coyn.

FINIS.